

THE BULLETIN
of
THE SHAW SOCIETY OF AMERICA

(Founded 26 July 1950)



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with

A Checklist of Current Shaviana
and
Shaw's Plays in Performance

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Object

To study and interpret George Bernard Shaw's writings, work and personality; to make him more widely understood and appreciated; and to provide a meeting ground for those who admire and respect the man.

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Where Shaw Stands Today

By Archibald Henderson

George Bernard Shaw was born in Dublin City, Dublin County, in the Emerald Isle, on July 26, 1856. He died in Hertfordshire, England, on All Souls' Day, 1950. His ashes were not interred in Westminster Abbey, but were mingled with those of his wife, Charlotte Frances Payne-Townshend, and scattered in the garden of Shaw's Corner, at Ayot St. Lawrence. The heart of this humanitarian, this Mahatma, "Great Soul," yearned to all souls, across all seas and round all the shores of the world. Peace to his ashes!

In *Ecclesiasticus*, that fascinating book of the Apocrypha, full of proverbs, maxims, and precepts, occur words peculiarly appropriate for this occasion of Shavian Vespers:

Let us praise famous men . . . men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, and declaring prophecies . . . Such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing . . .

Their seed shall remain for ever,
and their glory shall not be blotted out.
Their bodies are buried in peace:
but their name liveth for evermore.
The people will tell of their wisdom,
and the congregation will show forth their praise.

In his will Shaw particularly deprecated any religious commemorative exercises; but I feel sure he would approve the spirit in which we meet tonight: to appraise his character, life and work; and in a mood of gaiety, mirth and goodfellowship enjoy some delightful specimens of his dramatic genius. When he attended the incineration, of his mother's body, he commented on the beauty of the tints coloring the smoke arising from the ashes; and came away from the crematorium esthetically uplifted and rejoicing in spirit.

The sea of art is fed from a thousand springs. To three of these prime sources of Shaw's inspiration I would lead you now: Socrates, Moliere, and Voltaire. In the year 399 before Christ, Socrates was arraigned before five hundred judges on two charges:

First. "Socrates is an evil-doer and a curious person, searching into things under the earth and above the heaven; and making the worse appear the better cause, and teaching all this to others."
Second. "Socrates is an evil-doer and corruptor of the youth, who does not receive the gods whom the state receives, but introduces other new divinities."

Plato was present at the trial; and in his *Apology* quotes Socrates in his own defence:

... if I may use such a ludicrous figure of speech, (I) am a sort of gadfly, given to the state by God; and the state is like a great and noble steed who is tardy in his motions owing to his very size, and requires to be stirred into life. I am that gadfly which God has given the state, and all day long and in all places am always fastening upon you, arousing and persuading and reproaching you.

Greece made Socrates drink the hemlock; but Shaw, who was charged throughout his lifetime with "making the worse appear the better cause" and corrupting youth with new-fangled ideas concerning the ancient divinities of tradition, custom, and convention, passed away full of years and honors. With a suitable transposition, Shaw was our Socrates, who played for the contemporary state or public the role of the gadfly. From Socrates he learned the diverting and dramatic power of dialectic. Shaw transferred the Socratic dialogue from the porch of the Acropolis to the modern stage; and by expanding the group of interlocutors, evolved the Shavian drama.

The second nourishing source from which Shaw received inspiration and sustenance was the author of *Tartuffe*, *Don Juan*, *Le Malade Imaginaire*, *Le Misanthrope*, and *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. In August, 1667, M. de Lamoignon, *President de Parlement*, refused to allow the stage production of Moliere's *Tartuffe ou l'Imposteur*, on the grounds that "it was not the duty of

This is the full text of Professor Henderson's presidential address before The Shaw Society of America at its Shavian Vespers meeting, The Grolier Club, New York City, 25 February, 1951.



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comedians to instruct people in matters concerning Christian morality and religion" and that "the theatre is no place for preaching the Gospel." During the five-year battle for the lifting of the ban, Moliere rewrote the play, transforming it from a pure comedy of character into a problem play with a moral purpose. Memorable as criticism is his confession of faith in the second placet to *Le Roi Soleil* concerning *Tartuffe*: "It is my belief that, for a man in my position (that is, as a comedic dramatist), I can do no better than attack the vices of my time with ridiculous likenesses." More than once, Shaw has declared that for dramatic method and technic, he relies upon Moliere; and once remarked to me, "Moliere and I are much alike: we both attack pedantry." It is worth recalling that, in an address before the British Royal Academy of Literature, January 18, 1922, Shaw, who was never so happy as when he was "blaming the Baird," needed his audience with the declaration that he considered Moliere the greatest dramatist who ever lived.

I venture the opinion that Shaw, whose plays have inaugurated a new epoch in the history of the theatre and the drama, begins where Moliere leaves off. Shaw writes primarily not comedies of manners but comedies of social character. In his plays appear no romantic lovers, no villains, no subjects for the psychiatrist and the abnormal psychologist. Shaw does not, like Moliere, satirize generalized types of human frailty: the Miser, the Misanthrope, the Hypocrite, the Coxcomb, the Pedant, the Quack, the Parvenu, the Bore, the Coquette, the Blue Stocking. He portrays class types - what the French call *hommes-idees*, the Germans *Godanken puppen* - representative of different strata of our so-called civilized society: the cockney, the chauffeur, the mechanic, the ship captain, the Salvation Army officer, the munition maker, the professional soldier, the brigand, the gentleman, the cowboy, the labor leader, the politician, the statesman, the king, the dictator, the genius, the saint. With Moliere, the central figure is some distorted, abnormal individual - *Tartuffe*, *Alceste*, *Harpagon*, *Don Juan* - who is made to suffer through public ridicule. Shaw indicts a social class, conventions and institutions, political and social, secular and religious, philosophies of life, national hypocrisy, or even an entire civilization. The characters of his plays are rendered ridiculous through the satiric exposure of their fallacious views and shallow codes of conduct, which are attributed directly or by implication to the inherent defects of capitalist civilization.

The death of Bernard Shaw was treated by the press as an event of global significance. In volume and fervency of obituary appraisal, the occasion has not been equalled in literary history since the explosive and universal welcome to Voltaire by the people of Paris upon his return there, after long exile, February 10, 1778. Shaw's genius in caustic witticism, memorable epigram, and provocative aphorism he chiefly owes to Voltaire his true congener, rather than to Gilbert and Wilde, with their playful paradoxes and inverted truisms. Voltaire and Shaw were both victims of an incurable disease, *cacoethes scribendi*; and by carefully nourishing this debilitating ailment, each succeeded in attaining great length of years, Voltaire eight-three, Shaw ninety-four. Both were habitual and conscientious agitators, what Heine called "soldiers in the war for the liberation of humanity." A bond of sympathy was their depreciation of Shakespeare - Shaw regarding him as deficient in both intellect and conviction, Voltaire branding him a savage. In volume of published work, Voltaire far surpassed Shaw; but in quality, verve, readability, and continuity of interest, Shaw's writings far surpass Voltaire's. Voltaire never wrote a drama of the first class, whereas Shaw rang the bell again and again.

Down to the present time, upwards of fifty books on Shaw have appeared in print, and a number of others are in various stages of incubation, while one at least has been suppressed. Shaw's death seemed to be a signal, like the shot of the starter on the race-course, for every newspaper and magazine, especially in English-speaking countries, to vie with every other in the length of the obituary, the extravagance of the editorial paean, the particularity and detail of personal reminiscence. Some of the greatest newspapers carried a solid page of biographical and critical estimate; and the stream of Shaviania is still in full spate. What are the reasons for this international efflorescence of absorbed interest in, and curiosity about, Bernard Shaw?

At the outset the distinction must be drawn between fame and celebrity. Is Shaw famous or infamous? Is Shaw only a celebrity or even merely a passing fad? One thing is clear and indisputable: the prime cause of the phenomenon is Shaw himself. One may safely venture to assert that no writer has ever laid so long, persistent, and desperate siege to the capricious goddess of public

favor. One of Shaw's Machiavellian confessions, duly calculated to deceive the public, is his oft-trumpeted assertion that he was utterly devoid of ambition. He has declared that he rose by the sheer operation of gravitation - which, according to scientific explanation, would mean that, instead of rising, he would fall with a resounding crash. Shaw means of course, by this curious turn of phrase, that his rise to fame came by the operation of inevitable, natural law; but without any ambitious effort whatever on his part. The real truth of the matter is that he was determined to conquer the world; and I am of the opinion that he strove, with all his extraordinary powers, to become recognized as a rival of William Shakespeare.

Shaw's life is a strange miracle of dichotomy. He led a blameless double-life: the life of the master ventriloquist, of Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. On becoming drama critic for *The Saturday Review*, Shaw shattered the sacred tradition of anonymity thitherto maintained by that eminently proper and dignified British weekly, by signing his feuillets with the soon-to-be-come fearsome initials "G.B.S." He now began, dexterously and deliberately, to create a public *alter ego*, a bogey man, a weird scarecrow, which corresponds to the Devil of the old mystery plays, the Punch of puppet fame. Here at last is the creation in literary fiction of the immortal Jabberwock of Leary invention: Shaw's G.B.S. Writing in the *New Age*, February 15, 1908, Shaw indulges in a delightful *pastiche* of utterly frank self-revelation:

The celebrated G.B.S. is about as real as a pantomime ostrich . . . The whole point of the creature is that he is unique, fantastic, unrepresentative, inimitable, impossible, undesirable on any large scale, utterly unlike anybody that ever existed before, hopelessly unnatural, and void of real passion. Clearly, such a monster could do no harm, even were his example evil (which it never is).

With masterly skill, with diabolical ingenuity, he created this *papier mache* hobgoblin; and used it to terrify through fascination: the familiar phenomenon of the bird and the snake. G.B.S. was a turnip ghost, a Halloween pumpkin, a funny-pecculiar, enormously inflated monster of a Tarascon fair or a Macy parade. G.B.S. created an enormous vogue for Bernard Shaw. The human rabbits gazed stupent at the scarecrow; and reveled in it as American children and grown-ups revel in Mr. Jiggs, Maggie, Li'l Abner, and Hopalong Cassidy.

In his personal appearance, his individual attitudes, his public controversies, and in his plays, he fostered the notion of himself as both the Devil and the devil's advocate. He carefully cultivated his eyebrows to twist upwards like Mephistopheles in *Faust* and wore his hair in two uplifted folds giving a semblance to the horns of Lucifer.

The conclusion is unescapable. Shaw's work in the role of the clown, the buffoon, the harlequin, the mountebank is a masterpiece of make-believe, a gorgeous self-portrait in artistic caricature. Was he a man or a myth? He was both.

Putting behind us the most remarkable and successful of all his dramatic characters, this G.B.S. which has helped to make him the best-known writer of his time, let us consider Shaw himself as a man of letters. Where stands Shaw today? And why?

Is Shaw a great writer? Yes, without doubt or qualification. His is the best prose style of any writer of the first half of the twentieth century: the style of the ideal feuilletonist, of the perfect journalist. Eminently convincing is his analysis of the art of writing, of which he was a masterly executant:

Effectiveness of assertion is the alpha and omega of style. He who has nothing to assert has no style and can have none; he who has something to assert will go as far in power of style as its momentousness and his conviction will carry him. Disprove his assertion after it is made, yet its style remains. . . . All the assertions get disproved sooner or later; and so we find the world full of a magnificent debris of artistic fossils, with the matter-of-fact credibility clean gone out of them, but the form still splendid. And that is why the old masters play the deuce with our sensibilities.

Shaw's style is lucid, disarmingly simple, direct, effective, and deceptively convincing. The prefaces to his plays, for example, which often have comparatively little to do with them and in many cases were written after the plays were produced, are masterpieces of exposition and advocacy - plausible, casuistic, ingratiating, witty, and delightful.

Is Shaw a great critic? The answer here must be the familiar dubitative: Yes and No. In my view, Shaw is not a critic at all: he is either an advocate or a prosecutor. Lacking in the ethics and scholarship of university training and discipline, he could never see - indeed, seemed to be entirely unaware of - any moral obliquity in "slanting" his so-called critical *feuilletons*, whether on art, music, drama, or literature in general. He always fought for his own hand. He never tried to be just, and pooh-poohed the notion that a critic could possibly be just. His critiques on art were mediocre as criticism, for the very good reason, as William Archer pointed out, that he knew little or nothing about art. His critiques on music are unsurpassed for gaiety, comedy, and entertainment; and someone has well said they could be read with delight by the deaf. But for all his youthful saturation with music and his ecstatic enjoyment - of Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner, Strauss, Elgar, and the Italian operatic composers, he wrote largely of performers and performance, and little of the meaning and architectonics of music. His drama critiques in *The Saturday Review* were, for the most part, masterpieces of derisory satire. They were "loaded" as a cigar is jestingly loaded: to blow up in your face. A crusade is a battle for a Cross and a Christ. For Shaw, in great measure a crusade was a militant campaign, often cruel and unjust, of ridicule, scorn, satire, denigration, and even obloquy. In an apology which is not a justification, Shaw remarks, "I must warn the reader that what he is about to study (*Dramatic Opinions and Essays*) is not a series of judgements aiming at impartiality, but a siege laid to the theater of the nineteenth century by an author who had to cut his own way into it at the point of the pen and throw some of its defenders into the moat." Shaw won a great battle - the greatest and most successful battle of our time, in the field of the theater and the drama: but the mortality was appalling. London's West End never forgave him. His ablest critical writings are *The Sanity of Art*, a reply to Nordau's *Degeneration*; *The Illusions of Socialism*, which enraged his confreres; and *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, brilliant and provocative, but quite inadequate as a comprehensive interpretation of the greatest psychological dramatist of all time.

Is Shaw a great novelist? Answer: a resounding No. His novels are amusing, eccentric, stilted, jejune, and filled with acute but inexpertly expressed observations on life and art and music and pugilism and marriage and society and Socialism. Their failure is the result of bad timing. Shaw was inexperienced and immature; and he lacked inside knowledge of, behind-the-scenes acquaintance with, the society and the individual social types of the period. Of his novels, he once remarked to me, with pawky humor: "The best I can say of them is that neither Dickens nor Trollope could have written them."

Is Shaw a great dramatist? Answer: A categorical and enthusiastic Aye. Beyond doubt, by reason of the volume and range of his dramatic contribution and amazing international success of his principal plays, he takes his place as the greatest dramatist of the English-speaking world since Shakespeare. During the first quarter of this century, in face of his steadily increasing success, leading literary and drama critics in Great Britain and on the Continent continued to deny that his stage diversions were plays. It is indubitable - whatever the cause, which can in part only be attributed to vastly improved modes of communication - that Shaw achieved in his lifetime greater global triumph with his plays than has any other playwright living or dead - not excepting Shakespeare, Moliere, Ibsen, and Strindberg. His first play was produced when he was thirty-six; and he was slow in developing the peculiar dramatic technics which will always be associated with his name. It was not until his twelfth play was produced in London and New York in 1905 that his position as a dramatist was fully established. *Man and Superman*, taken as a whole, is the most brilliant comedy ever penned.

Shaw's earlier plays, fourteen in number, while bearing the stamp of his originality and anti-romantic quality, were written along classic lines and met the Aristotelian tests. *Man and Superman* and *Major Barbara*, both produced in 1905, introduce a new type of play, named by Shaw the "debated drama" or the "disquisitory play." The leading ideas of the day, economic, social, political, philosophical, and religious, were more interesting to Shaw than were individuals, characters, and personalities. The disquisitory plays present the conflict with each other of these ideas, philosophies of life, and codes of conduct; and often Shaw employs one character as the mouthpiece for his own personal views. The two most conspicuous examples of this type of play are: a tragi-comedy, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, a brilliant symposium concerning the parlous state of the medical profession; and *Heartbreak House*, a grim *expose* of the pessimism and sense of frustration and despair of contemporary society.

The next type of play associated with Shaw's name (he once said to me "My plays are *sui generis*") may be termed the "discursive drama", in which Shaw's passion for dialectic has eliminated both plot and drama, leaving only discussion. *Getting Married* is the type-form of this class; and Shaw himself admits that by no stretch of the imagination can it be regarded as a play. Down to 1908 Shaw concerned himself with plot after the fashion of his forerunners; and wrote well-made plays in the manner of Dumas fils, Ibsen, and Scribe. Beginning with *Getting Married*, he largely dispensed with plot, and assured me that he never saw a page ahead when he was writing a play; and that he fearlessly let his inspiration lead him straight to apparent impossibilities, knowing that a way out would always open at the last moment. This state of affairs probably accounts for his statement that, in writing plays, he was "inspired," but it also seems to indicate a decline in constructive imagination and a growing, but dangerous, disregard for the immitigable and irreducible requirements of true drama.

One drama, a genuine chronicle play, stands in a class alone, *Saint Joan* - the greatest British drama, with the widest range and deepest insight, since the time of Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Jonson. Aside from certain irritating trivialities which are peculiarly Shavian, this play towers aloft as Shaw's supreme achievement in drama. "What more do you want for a tragedy as great as that of Prometheus?" Shaw once inquired of me. "All the forces that bring about the catastrophe are on the grandest scale; and the individual soul on which they press is of the most indomitable force and temper." It has been played triumphantly around the world and by many of the greatest actresses of the day.

Shaw's best plays, which are destined to survive, are *Candida*, *Man and Superman*, *Androcles and the Lion*, *Heartbreak House*, *Back to Methuselah*, and *Saint Joan*. Other plays which by reason of vivacity, quality of entertainment, and perennial interest, will surely hold the boards for a long time, are: *Arms and the Man*, *The Devil's Disciple*, *John Bull's Other Island*, *You Never Can Tell*, *Caesar and Cleopatra*, *Major Barbara*, and *The Doctor's Dilemma*. Certain of Shaw's plays, it should not be forgotten, in the light of his early saturation with the spirit of Mozart, Beaumarchais, and Italian operatic composers, wear the badge of opera, light, *bouffe*, and grand: *The Devil's Disciple*, *Arms and the Man*, *The Man of Destiny*, *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, and *Caesar and Cleopatra*, for example; and the technic of some, notably *The Apple Cart* and *Back to Methuselah*, is such that they may be readily scored as musical compositions.

Shaw was a profound student, not only of Shakespeare, but, as he has told me, of the old mystery and morality plays. He wrote twentieth century mystery and morality plays, replacing the ancient personified abstractions of virtues and vices with type figures of social classes. The clash of ideas and ideologies of these social classes constitutes the Shavian drama. Shaw, moreover, was an able economist; and, in that dim jungle of the "dismal science," *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Capitalism and Socialism* shines forth as a brilliant beacon, the most interesting and lucid work of its type ever written, regardless of its social and economic implications. As a Jeffersonian democrat of the old school, I avoided all political controversy in personal contact with Shaw: such subjects were side-stepped by tacit agreement, except through extended correspondence. Shaw is the only economist in literary history to become a great dramatist. One of the most significant remarks he ever made to me lays bare the vertebrate structure of his dramas: "In all my plays my economic studies have played as important a part as a knowledge of anatomy does in the works of Michael Angelo." And shortly before his death he sadly expressed to me his mature opinion that justice had not been done him by any writer regarding his long, laborious, and brilliant tasks of collaboration with Sidney and Beatrice Webb, and of his individual contribution in the Fabian Society during some four decades.

One word more. Shaw is a man who has ploughed many furrows. He once told me that he had fifteen different reputations; and actually enumerated them: a critic of art, a critic of music, a critic of literature, a critic of the drama, a novelist, a dramatist, an economist, a funny man, a street-corner agitator, a Shelleyan atheist, a Fabian Socialist, a vegetarian, a humanitarian, a preacher, and a philosopher. To this catalog must be added, dating from 1931, a Marxian Communist.

Shaw was the most pronounced individualist I have ever known. He was never a member of the Communist party, the arch foe of individualism, and I have in consequence always considered his avowed belief in Communism the perfect antinomy. Had he, as a comrade under the U.S.S.R. published a docu-

ment comparable to **Common Sense About the War** he would have been liquidated. Nothing irked and saddened him so much as to be taxed nineteen shillings sixpence in the pound under the Socialist-Labour government of Attlee, Cripps and Company. It was Lady Astor who said (I cannot quote her precisely): "Bernard Shaw, more than any Socialist I have ever known, was concerned for the rights of private property, particularly his own."

Shaw was a strange composite of Keltic combativeness and irreverence of speech with deep mystic faith and true reverence of thought and feeling. He rejected Christianity, which he called "Cross-tianity," because he could not accept the doctrine of the Atonement. He did not believe in miracles: and described the Ascension as an "astronomical absurdity involving the belief that the sky is the ceiling of the earth and the floor of heaven." Immortality he found an unthinkable horror; and to an admirer who enjoyed his conversation he exclaimed: "Imagine your infinite boredom in having to listen to Bernard Shaw for ever and ever!" In correcting the rumor that he had embraced the Roman Catholic faith, he quipped: "In the Church of Rome there is room for only one Pope." In 1924 he remarked to me that he was afraid to visit the United States of America, for fear of being arrested and incarcerated for publicly doubting the Biblical story of Elisha and the bears. The "inner light" of the Society of Friends was near to his own mystic sense; and he also felt himself religiously akin to the sect of the Jains.

Out of concepts drawn from Lamarck, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, Bergson, and Butler, he evolved a weird mystic power which he named the Life Force after the *elan vital* of creative evolution. This immanent force is slowly evolving through aeons - amoeba, orangutan, man, superman, angel, archangel - toward ultimate Godhead. Not long before his death Shaw asserted that his was the only credible religion; but he seems to have been his only convert. Only recently the "gloomy Dean" of St. Paul's, W. R. Inge, said that "He who knew the hearts of men" would say of Shaw: "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God." I conclude these Shavian Vespers with the reading of Shaw's own Credo:

I am a resolute Protestant; I believe in the Holy Catholic Church; in the Holy Trinity of Father, Son (or Mother, Daughter) and Spirit; in the Communion of Saints, the Life to Come, the Immaculate Conception and the everyday reality of Godhead and the Kingdom of Heaven.

Bernard Shaw As A Playwright

By Walter Prichard Eaton

The first Shaw play I ever saw was "The Devil's Disciple", which Richard Mansfield brought to Boston while I was in college. The next one was "Candida", produced by Arnold Daly at a matinee in a bandbox of a theatre, the Princess, in New York. That was in December, 1903. This production, as has been many times recounted, touched off the Shaw vogue in our playhouse. First Daly and then others put on the considerable number of Shaw plays already published, and Shaw added steadily to the repertoire. When Granville Barker brought his productions of "Androcles and the Lion" and "The Doctor's Dilemma" to New York in 1915, alternating them with, of all things, "A Midsummer Night's Dream", the vogue took on a new life. And the steady interest in Shaw was something the Theatre Guild could, and did, rely on to keep their theatre at the front during its earlier years. Shaw became, indeed, almost their patron saint. They produced for the first time anywhere "Heartbreak House", "Back to Methuselah" and "Saint Joan", and in 1925 they opened their new Guild Theatre with "Caesar and Cleopatra". The first time the Lunts went on tour for the Guild, "Arms and the Man" was one of their plays — 34 years after Mansfield had introduced it.

From Daly's "Candida" on for three decades I saw, I think, all the professional Shaw productions in New York. They are a happy memory to which I have never given much conscious reflection. They were something to be enjoyed. What a good time the disputatious dramatist gave us! But prodded by the editor of this Bulletin to do some reflecting, I am struck by the fact that I chiefly recall not epigrams, not ideas, but actors, performances by actors, characters brought to life or situations illuminated by actors. I am struck by the realization that although Shaw assumed or so he said, the actor to be but the playwright's mouth piece, and we have long been prone to assert all Shaw's characters to be but Shaw in disguise, none the less his plays are God's gift to the players. He gave them characters to play, and when the mood was on him he gave them situations full of the most delightful opportunities to do their stuff.

I think back to Pinero; his Paulas and Mrs. Ebbsmiths and Irises do a vast deal of "emoting" (to use the theatre's ugly but vivid word), but they are a blurr of similarity. I saw Mrs. Pat Campbell play two of them. But I also saw her play Eliza Doolittle — and what a refreshing difference! The first Prossy with Arnold Daly, as I recall, was Louise Closser Hale. Very funny. I have seen a dozen Prossies since. All very funny. Prossy is actor-proof. So for that matter is Candida — or almost. One of the most hilarious evenings I ever spent in the theatre was at the Neighborhood Playhouse when Gertrude Kingston played "The Great Catherine". She was outrageously funny. The English Captain was funny. The Prime Minister was funny, in a terrifying way. His servant was funny — the one who declared he would carry a broken sweet bread to the grave. This farce is a field day for good actors. Why isn't it revived? Mary Wickes as Catherine would be a riot. Who that saw him will ever forget the gentle Peter Heggie as Androcles? And who than Shaw ever devised a better part for an actor in a lion's skin?

The part of Caesar in "Caesar and Cleopatra" is a subtle and difficult one fully to realize, but what an entrance for Cleopatra as the moonlight discloses her between the paws of the Sphynx, and what a biting scene, full of comedy and meat, when Caesar first instructs her how to be a queen! The young Cleopatra and the young Joan are cut from quite different cloth, but each one comes into her play in scenes which are devised to give the actress abundant opportunity for expressive characterization, and to capture and develop the interest of an audience. "Saint Joan" opens with Robert de Beaudricourt berating his steward because the hens don't lay. To this blusterer enters the girl Joan. Her simplicity, her forthrightness, her touch of country shrewdness, her faith, are revealed in the give and take with Robert. The scene has charm, humor, and a mounting sense of what is to come. It was written to "play", and by an actress richly endowed. And when Joan goes out triumphant, the steward rushes in with the information that the hens have begun to lay like anything. It is left to the flabbergasted Robert to bring down the curtain as satisfactorily as any actor could desire. I have seen criticisms of this scene, complaining of its levity (which is another way of complaining that it is unmistakably by G. B. Shaw). But on the stage it is captivating, so much so that we forget to notice what beautifully swift and direct exposition it is.

Unfortunately Shaw did not always yield to his instinct for pure theatre, or should we better say he sometimes wrote when this instinct was in abeyance? The best and most fully developed scenes, when his sense of theatre guided his pen, are found most often, of course, in the plays with the best wrought plots, not in the debates, and it is in these plays that the actors find their rewards. What actress worthy of her salt would not rejoice to play Eliza Doolittle? What character actor would not think it a rare privilege to play Doolittle? Did Alfred Lunt ever exceed his superb death scene as Dubedat in "The Doctor's Dilemma"? Was Roland Young ever more subtly amusing than as General Burgoyne? He actually put across to the audience that famous stage direction; "This retort almost reconciles Burgoyne to the loss of America".

I have read all the Shaw plays, all the prefaces, and as many learned criticisms of them as I can digest. But in memory now the plays come back to me with greater or less vividness purely as theatre, and when the memory is vivid that meant scenes richly developed and characters which gave to the actors wonderful opportunities. Whatever else Shaw was or wasn't, he was a playwright. The silliest thing ever said about him was to deny this fact.

A Note Concerning Arnold Daly and Bernard Shaw

By Percy MacKaye

A personal recollection of half a century ago carries me back to the stage of the little Berkeley Lyceum Theatre, in New York, where, in May of 1901, a play by me, "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough and William of Cloutesley", based on the old English ballad (later published as "Kinfolk of Robin Hood") was performed by students whom I taught in the Craigie Private School for Boys. Among the boy-actors were Averell Harriman (future U. S. Ambassador), Stewart Robinson (nephew of Theodore Roosevelt) and Edwin Booth Grossmann (grandson of the great actor).

Soon after the performance there, Arnold Daly, star actor, brought to that same stage some of the earliest productions in America of plays by Bernard Shaw. In a veritable Shavian crusade he produced them in several other small theatres off Broadway, being unable to secure from Broadway managers opportunity to perform them in their theatres, as Shaw's plays, in their first invasion of America, were largely scoffed at by the leading New York critics, one of whom, I remember, head-lined his own first-night commentary by the one word, "Pshaw!"

In appraising the growth of Shaw's influence in this country, I think that special emphasis should be given to the gallant, devoted efforts of Arnold Daly in behalf of Shaw's early works. Rebuffed and hooted down, he persisted resolutely in his challenging campaign, which achieved for him little or no financial reward and plentiful derision. It won him, of course, an incidental reputation; but his sincere, almost fanatical advocacy of Shaw at a critical time won also for Shaw himself in America an unforgettable name by reason of which Arnold Daly's will historically be remembered.

A Visit With George Bernard Shaw

By N. Dean Evans

As an English teacher and an amateur photographer, I had a strong desire to bring home some pictures of the little town of Ayot St. Lawrence, home of George Bernard Shaw, which nestles in the English countryside about 30 miles north of London. And so it was not strange that I found myself in a hired cab on the afternoon of July 20, 1949, heading out toward the little Hertfordshire village. Because of Mr. Shaw's famed inaccessibility, the thought of attempting to see him never entered my mind. However, on the insistent urging of the cab driver, I decided to give it a try.

At about 1 P.M. we pulled up in front of a two-story brick house, surrounded by a well-kept lawn. The green iron gates at the entrance bore the inscription, "Shaw's Corner." With a certain amount of trepidation I walked up the gravel path to the front door and rang the bell. While waiting what seemed an eternity I noticed that the brass door knocker was inscribed "G. B. Shaw, Man and Superman." In due course a middle-aged lady, Mr. Shaw's housekeeper, answered my ring. I introduced myself as an American teacher who would like to say hello to Mr. Shaw. I was informed that there might be some hope if I returned at 4 P.M.

It was not difficult to spend three hours in Ayot St. Lawrence, taking pictures and enjoying this typical little English village. Promptly at 4 P.M. I returned to "Shaw's Corner", and the housekeeper told me she would see what she could do. I was ushered into a bright sitting room, overlooking the spacious lawn. Among other furnishings in the room were several busts of Shaw, a Hollywood Academy Award "Oscar", and a small statue of Shakespeare.

In a few moments the door opened slowly and the 93-year-old playwright entered, hand extended. I rose and we shook hands. It was a moment of mixed emotions for a 24-year-old English teacher. There before me was one of the great literary figures of the century. With sparkling eyes and snow-white beard he was the Shaw I had pictured, clad in his famous tweed knickers and leather sandals. He put me completely at ease by indicating a seat and by asking what he could do for me. I told him that I was an American teacher who had just dropped by to say "Hello." I told him further that I was visiting English secondary schools in connection with a project for my doctor's degree. He showed an immediate interest and asked if English schools seemed similar to American schools. I replied that they were in many respects. I said that I believed, from my observation, that academic and intellectual attainments were stressed more in England than in America. I explained that American educational philosophy placed more emphasis on social development of the child.

Mr. Shaw then stated that he believed visual education in the form of motion pictures is valuable. However he did not believe in firing questions at the children after they have seen a film. He thought that motion pictures should be used mainly for appreciation of values.

He ruled the question-recitation method out of teaching. He believed that the three R's should be taught and then the curriculum should be adapted to

the pupils' interests. Classes should be something pupils can enjoy, according to Mr. Shaw. He believed that pupils should ask the questions — not the teachers.

In regard to sex education he told me that he thought parents should handle it at an early age when children start to ask questions. At the onset of adolescence, however, he believed that neither the parents nor the regular classroom teacher should cope with the problem. He believed that the close pupil relationship with parents and teachers will inhibit them as far as sex discussion is concerned. Mr. Shaw held that special visiting teachers should go from school to school and present the material. Then pupils would feel more free about asking questions and raising problems. I then explained the new system of sex education by motion pictures which has been tried in Oregon and stated that it was a comparatively new approach.

He stated that the radio has done much to make the world smaller and that it has contributed to mass education. When Mr. Shaw came to Ayot St. Lawrence some 40 years ago almost no one had been over five miles away from the village. One gentleman had been to London and he was considered a great traveler. Shaw believed that the radio has done much to bring the world and its affairs into little hamlets such as his.

As a teacher I expressed interest in his famous statement, "He who can does; he who cannot, teaches." And I asked him to explain it. He said that a man who is "doing" all the time does not really have time to teach. Furthermore he said that all are not competent as teachers. And pointing to me, "For example I could not teach you to write plays."

After about half an hour of interesting conversation Mr. Shaw indicated that he felt compelled to return to his work. As I was leaving I asked permission to take several pictures. Mr. Shaw was most gracious, posing for both movies and stills. His attitude throughout our meeting was one of keen interest in the topics under discussion. After the picture taking I told him that it had been a pleasure to meet him; we shook hands and said goodbye. Mr. Shaw's secretary, leaning from an upstairs window, smiled and said, "You're a mighty lucky young man." And I knew it. Yet somehow I was filled with the impression that this great man enjoyed meeting someone who was nobody for a change — an American school teacher who now closed the gate at "Shaw's Corner" and walked slowly through the little village.

What Shaw Did

By Lee Pritzker

Mixing with a lot of revering persons for days after Bernard Shaw's death I felt that mankind was beginning to realize a great saint of biblical stature had rubbed shoulders with us for many years, and would never again be on guard ready to hurl powerful defensive words against the stupid forces that would destroy us. Shaw was no longer regarded the mere entertainer, the jester, the eccentric, or the irascible old fault-finder.

For seventy years through his lectures and plays Shaw planted the seeds of a new man, that is, a new civilization. These seeds have already inaugurated a new era. Perhaps it was the intuitive awareness of this entering Shavian age that filled the minds of millions November 2nd. Socialist, humanitarian, orator, vegetarian, music and art critic, appraiser of life and world events, dramatist, philosopher — in each of these departments Shaw worked magnificently for a better, a more humane, a more goodwilled, a peaceful and highly mass-educated and prosperous world.

Shaw achieved greater celebrity and influence in his lifetime than any other author ancient or modern. In Iceland, or in Chungking where he is known as Shah-Be-Lah, everywhere, his name is a household word. Nearly every enlightened thinker in the modern world has derived inspiration from him. Almost every social reform of our day carries the stamp of his influence. His pithy and wise observations on world events (how we shall miss them) carried more political punch than a whole government propaganda department.

Unlike Shakespeare he did not deal in revenge, hatred and murder. Poor people were not a subject for mirth. You will search in vain for a real villain amongst his characters.

On an age that has been horribly disgraced by its militarists Shaw has shed honour, nobility, and holiness. May his genius and goodness illumine the coming centuries as they enlightened his own day!

Desmond MacCarthy's Shaw: A Review

By Eric J. Batson

The recent publication of Sir Desmond MacCarthy's "Shaw" does not replace his earlier work, *The Court Theatre 1904-7*, which contained besides its invaluable assessments of the merits and meanings of the plays performed during that golden season a most useful appendix of programs. This book has, alas, been long out of print. The present work (published by MacGibbon & Kee at 12/6) collects those essays dealing with Shaw's contribution to the season (once described as "Shaw with occasional interruptions"), and there are in addition MacCarthy's essays written on later productions elsewhere. There are also a preface and a personal memoir. Sir Desmond was in advance of his time in appraising Shaw at his true value both as a moral reformer and a great comic spirit, but the theme that now gradually emerges from his criticism as it evolves over the years is that "the Shaw whom I admired, and whose plays threw so much light on life for me, died a good many years before 1950. After *Saint Joan* (1923), although his plays continued to show here and there his astonishing penetration and originality, none were really good; while on the most fundamental questions he seemed to me wrong, and often in flat contradiction to his earlier self."

This is a sincere personal conviction of MacCarthy's but it is a highly debatable one. It may be that as H. V. Routh suggests in *English Literature and Ideas in the 20th Century* (Methuen), the general consensus of critical opinion that Shaw's later plays deteriorate is correct, and that with advancing years Shaw "lost little of his verve though much of his grasp on actuality". Still MacCarthy's statement does seem rather drastic, for are not *The Apple Cart*, *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles*, and *Good King Charles*, to say the least, quite considerable? May it not be that, though we may to a certain extent have caught up with the early Shaw of *Arms and the Man*, *The Philanderer*, and *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, we shall take another 50 years or so to catch up with the Shawian drama of the last 2 decades?

Meanwhile, what Sir Desmond calls Shaw's "fountain of lovely gaiety" is there for our perennial good cheer, and for that, as Sir Desmond admits he is, we should be grateful enough.

Shaw's Plays in Performance

THE OHIO VALLEY SUMMER THEATRE (Athens, Ohio) has devoted its first season to a Shaw Festival. The Summer Theatre Workshop will be in session from June 18 through August 11. The group is presenting, on the campus of Ohio University, four plays and two motion pictures. Fellow-member Barrett H. Clark, Executive Director of Dramatist's Play Service, delivered the convocation address on June 21. His subject was "The Theatre and Mr. Shaw." The festival schedule includes:

Pygmalion (film -----)	June 28
Androcles and the Lion-----	July 5, 6, 7.
Candida-----	July 12, 13, 14.
Caesar and Cleopatra (film)-----	July 19
Captain Brassbound's Conversion-----	July 26, 27, 28
The Devil's Disciple-----	August 2, 3, 4.

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THE MARTHA'S VINEYARD THEATRE CORPORATION under the direction of Basil Langton is presenting a Shaw Festival at the Rice Playhouse in Oak Bluffs, Massachusetts. The company enjoyed a highly successful opening with *Man and Superman*. Later in the season, to initiate the training program, four lectures on Shaw will be given: Shaw and Laughter, Shaw and Tears, Shaw and the Dance, and a reading of *Don Juan in Hell*. . . Mr. Langton hopes to develop a Shaw Festival touring company next fall and to establish a permanent company and training school at Oak Bluffs.

The Festival schedule (in addition to four non-Shaw plays) includes:	
<i>Man and Superman</i> -----	July 6-14
<i>Pygmalion</i> -----	July 24-28
<i>Heartbreak House</i> -----	August 7-11.
<i>Arms and the Man</i> -----	August 28-September 1

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THE ARTS THEATRE CLUB (London) has presented a Shaw Festival of staggering proportions - eighteen plays in four programs, from April 26 through July 31. Following is a list of the plays performed.

PROGRAM I

Great Catherine
How He Lied To Her Husband
Passion, Poison and Petrification
The Admirable Bashville

PROGRAM III

Augustus Does His Bit
Village Wooing
Annajanska, The Bolshevik Empress
The Glimpse of Reality
Overruled

PROGRAM II

The Inca of Perusalem
The Fascinating Foundling
Press Cuttings
The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet

PROGRAM IV

O'Flaherty, V.C.
The Six of Calais
The Man of Destiny
The Music-Cure
The Dark Lady of the Sonnets

* * * *

CANDIDA attained its radio premiere simultaneously with the commercial radio debut of Katharine Cornell, when the National Broadcasting Company carried the Theatre Guild on the Air, Sunday, May 6th. The Theatre Guild's radio production of *Candida* was so expertly presented and Shaw's words so effective in this medium that one can only regret that radio is bound to arbitrary time limitations which prevent complete performances of most plays.

THE FIRST DRAMA QUARTETTE, comprising Charles Boyer (Don Juan), Charles Laughton (The Devil), Sir Cedric Hardwicke (The Statue), and Agnes Moorehead (Donna Ana) besieged the nation with *Don Juan in Hell*, the seldom-performed third act of *Man and Superman*.

After a British tour during the summer the First Drama Quartette opens its American fall tour in Amarillo, Texas on September 23rd. A one-night stand at Carnegie Hall is scheduled for October 22nd, but other bookings in the vicinity of New York City are planned.

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CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA is sharing the spotlight with *Antony and Cleopatra* in Festival of Britain performances. With Vivien Leigh as Cleopatra in both plays, and her husband, Sir Laurence Olivier, alternating between Caesar and Antony, the series has found wide favor among Festival theatre-goers. A booking, limited to twelve weeks, of the two Caesars is scheduled to open at the Ziegfeld in New York City on December 19th.

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THE AMERICAN NATIONAL THEATRE AND ACADEMY earned the praise of many Shaw enthusiasts with their excellent performance of *Getting Married*, a play which demands much from the entire cast if it is to satisfy the play-goer. "Peggy Wood (Mrs. George) and John Buckmaster (St. John Hotchkiss) were especially good!" writes fellow member Maxwell Steinhardt. ANTA earlier presented Shaw's *Dark Lady of the Sonnets* before an invited audience in celebration of its third payment (\$194,000) on its playhouse, the old Guild Theatre. Directing the performance was Esme Percy, president of the (London) Shaw Society.

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News: Shavian and Otherwise

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of The Shaw Society of America, Inc. will be held in New York City on Sunday afternoon, November 4, 1951. Following the afternoon business session there will be an evening meeting of a social nature. Two exhibits of Shaviana, mounted under the auspices of The Shaw Society of America, Inc., will be on display in New York at that time. Opening in October they will be located in the New York Public Library and the ANTA Playhouse.

SHAVIAN VESPERS were conducted in New York February 25th by The Shaw Society of America. Meeting at the Grolier Club some hundred members of the Society and friends of Shaw attended the program at which Warren Caro, Executive Secretary of The Theatre Guild, presided. Esme Percy, who has performed leading parts in more Shaw plays than any other actor, read the "Fourth Fable" from Shaw's *Farfetched Fables*, an entertaining piece in which vegetarianism gives way to "living on air."

Dennis King, Emmett Rogers, and Gavin Gordon - after warning us that they were violating two Shavian principles (performing without charge and cutting the text) - gave a delightful reading from *The Devil's Disciple*.

With the Shavian spirit thus achieved, poet and playwright Percy MacKaye introduced the principal speaker, Archibald Henderson. Dr. Henderson's presidential address, "Where Shaw Stands Today," has attracted wide attention from students of Shaw, and has been reprinted in Canada and Great Britain.

An exhibition of Shaviana, presented by members of the Society, provided the finishing touches for bibliophiles. Paintings, manuscripts, and first editions from the collections of Maxwell Steinhardt, Gene Tunney, Archibald Henderson, and W. D. Chase were shown.

NEW MEMBERS: David Balakan (New York), J. Berlin (New York), Warren Caro (New York), N. Dean Evans (Delaware), Frank Fiorito (New Jersey), Geoffrey J. L. Gomme (New York), Ben Grauer (New York), Daniel J. Hennessy (New York), S. S. Hood (Pennsylvania), Russell F. Knutson, (Illinois), Theodore E. Kruglak (Connecticut), Thomas Lamont (New Jersey), Frank Lieberman (New York), Robert M. MacGregor (New York), Ruth Margolis (New York), Nadine Miles (Ohio), Edward F. Muller (Michigan), Harry L. Mulvey (New York), Alexander Seabrook (Ohio), Frank Skoff (Illinois), Bernard Sobel, (New York), E. E. Stokes, Jr. (Texas), John J. Tepfer (New York).

News has reached us of plans for establishing local chapters of The Shaw Society of America, Inc. in Chicago, Hollywood, Philadelphia, and New York. Members interested in meeting with local chapters are invited to address inquiries to the Secretary.

While there are Shaw Societies in many countries there is, as yet, no direct organizational connection between them. Eric J. Batson, Secretary of The (London) Shaw Society has suggested the desireability of a joint membership arrangement whereby members of either Society might obtain the publications of the other Society at a reduced fee. The problems involved will be studied at our Annual General Meeting and results reported in a forthcoming Bulletin. Members' comments and suggestions are invited.

Our President, Archibald Henderson, who is described in the Bulletin of The (London) Shaw Society as the "most prolific and soundest of writers on GBS," has received a new Shavian honor in his election to the Vice-Presidency of that organization. The announcement was made following The (London) Shaw Society's Annual General Meeting on July 6th.

Four members of The Shaw Society of America, Barrett H. Clark, George Freedley, Rosamond Gilder, and Bernard Sobel, are contributors to a valuable new reference work on the theatre. It is *THE OXFORD COMPANION TO THE THEATRE* edited by Phyllis Hartnoll (Oxford University Press).

Lawrence Langner's autobiography, *THE MAGIC CURTAIN*, will be published in October by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. All Shavians will be interested to know that there are five chapters devoted to Shaw, and that there will be a number of pictures of him, as well as of the Theatre Guild productions of his plays.

Theatre Arts Books, the successor to the book publishing department of the magazine, are keeping two Shaw items in print: *ELLEN TERRY & BERNARD SHAW, A CORRESPONDENCE* (the illustrated edition), and *THE REHEARSAL COPIES OF BERNARD SHAW'S PLAYS*, a bibliographic study by Dr. F. E. Loewenstein. The latter includes the previously unpublished Rhymed Prologue to *FANNY'S FIRST PLAY*.





A Continuing Check-List of Published Shaviana

A continuing bibliographic check-list of books by and about Bernard Shaw will be a regular section in forthcoming issues of the Bulletin. We are fortunate in having the editorial assistance of fellow member Geoffrey J. L. Gomme, at present connected with the Bibliography of American Literature, who has kindly consented to direct its preparation. All publishers, members, and other readers are urged to call our attention to important periodical articles, pamphlets, and other ephemera, which may easily be overlooked by or be unknown to the compiler. Please address such comments to the Secretary, W. D. Chase, Box 871, Flint 1, Michigan.

BOOKS BY BERNARD SHAW

- BERNARD SHAW'S RHYMING PICTURE GUIDE TO AYOT SAINT LAWRENCE. 35 p. Luton, England, Leagrave Press Ltd., 1950 5s cloth, 1s wraps. Also: Chicago, Alethea Publications, \$2.00.
- BUOYANT BILLIONS, FARFETCHED FABLES, AND SHAKES VERSUS SHAV. 138 p. New York, Dodd, Mead & Company, (1951). \$3.00. Also: London, Constable, 1950.
- CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA; A HISTORY. 136 p. Baltimore, Penguin Books, (1951). .25.
- LONDON MUSIC. Standard Edition. London, Constable, 1951. 7/6
- PYGMALION; A ROMANCE IN FIVE ACTS. 125 p. Baltimore, Penguin Books, (1951). .25.
- SAINT JOAN; A CHRONICLE PLAY IN SIX SCENES AND AN EPILOGUE. 184 p. Baltimore, Penguin Books, (1951). .25.
- SEVEN PLAYS; WITH PREFACES AND NOTES. 937 p. New York, Dodd, Mead & Company, (1951). \$5.00 (Included: "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "Arms and the Man," "Candida," "The Devil's Disciple," "Caesar and Cleopatra," "Man and Superman," and "Saint Joan.")
- SHAW . . . ON VIVISECTION. 59 p. Chicago, Alethea Publications, (1951). \$2.50. Also: London, Allen, 1949.
- THIS IS THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF ME GEORGE BERNARD SHAW . . . (London, Somerset House, 1951). 23s or \$3.50. (14 pages in photographic facsimile)

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS CONCERNING BERNARD SHAW

- Fiske, Irving. BERNARD SHAW'S DEBT TO WILLIAM BLAKE . . . WITH FOREWORD AND NOTES BY G.B.S. 19 p. (London), The Shaw Society, (1951). 6d. "Shavian Tract No. 2."
- Joad, C. E. M. SHAW. 240 p. New York, Macmillan, 1951. \$2.50. (The publisher states that this item has been cancelled. It was originally published by Gollancz, London, 1949.)
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- Patch, Blanche. THIRTY YEARS WITH G.B.S. 316 p. New York, Dodd, Mead & Company, 1951. \$3.00. Also: London, Gollancz, 1951, 12/6; and Toronto, Longmans, 1951, \$3.00.
- Pearson, Hesketh. G.B.S.: A POSTSCRIPT. 137 p. New York, Harper & Brothers, (1950). \$2.75. Also: London, Collins, 1951.

SHAW'S CORNER, AYOT ST. LAWRENCE, HERTFORDSHIRE; A PROPERTY OF THE NATIONAL TRUST. 4 p. Curwen Press, 1951. (A descriptive brochure for visitors to Shaw's Corner). 3d.

Ward, A. C. BERNARD SHAW. 56 p. (Supplement to British Book News. Published for The British Council and the National Book League) London, Longmans, Green & Co., (1950). 1s.

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Boas, Frederick S. JOAN OF ARC IN SHAKESPEARE, SCHILLER AND SHAW. In: *Shakespeare Quarterly*, January, 1951.

British Drama League. Drama, The Quarterly Theatre Review, New Series Number 20, A TRIBUTE TO GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, 1856-1950. 48 p. London, British Drama League, Spring 1951. (Contains articles on Shaw by: Gilbert Murray, Lewis Casson, H. F. Rubinstein, C. B. Purdom, Clifford Bax, F. S. Boas, Allan Wade, Geoffrey Whitworth, Barry Jackson, and J. C. Trewin.)

The British Council. Britain To-day, BERNARD SHAW NUMBER. 44 p. London, January 1951. .20 (Contains articles by: R. A. Scott-James, T. C. Worsley, and the editor).

Ervine, St. John. TRIBUTES TO BERNARD SHAW. In: *The Listener - The B.B.C.'s Weekly Review*, November 9, 1950.

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Heard, Gerald. MEMORIES OF SHAW AND WELLS. In: *Tomorrow*, February 1951.

Henderson, Archibald. BERNARD SHAW AND FRANCE: GAELIC TRIUMPH OR GALLIC REPULSE? In: *Carolina Quarterly*, Winter 1951.

— SHAW'S STATURE. In: *Queen's Quarterly*, Vol. LVIII, No. 1, 1951.

INTERNATIONAL THEATRE. Preview Edition, New York, Spring 1951. (Contains articles on Shaw by: Felix Grendon, Eric J. Batson, Adam King, Wolf Heider, and Donald S. Zagoria.)

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NEW ALPHABET EXPERIMENT; HE WAS PLEASED WITH "SHAVIOPHONETICA." In: *The Pictorial*, April 10, 1951.

Panter-Downes, Mollie. A REPORTER AT LARGE: THE SHRINE. In: *The New Yorker*, April 14, 1951.

Pearson, Hesketh. TRIBUTES TO BERNARD SHAW. In: *The Listener-The B.B.C.'s Weekly Review*, November 9, 1950.

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Sheean, Vincent. MY LAST VISIT WITH SHAW. In: *The Atlantic*, January 1951.

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Winstone, Reece. SHAW'S CORNER. In: *Coming Events in Britain*, June 1951.